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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879.

NUMBER 31.

POETRY.

THE MOWING.

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the East in red splendor is glowing,
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—
Let us up and off to the mowing.

Wouldst thou know why I wait
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?
Why all night I've kept my own vigil, nor slept?
Tis to-day it is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing,
If she waits at the lane, I'm to know all is well,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing.
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
Tis a sheen of brown ha'.

In the lane where the poppies are blowing,
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there,
And we had a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare

That I scarcely have noticed their going;
Maud is my wife, with her sheen of brown hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.

MR. PALMLEAF'S PROPOSAL.

White and glistening, like a mammoth
bridal veil, the December sun
lays over all the New Hampshire hills;

dark and delicate, like the tracery of
lace work, the leafless woods held up
their boughs against the dazzling winter

sky—and Rev. Peter Palmleaf,
studying over an embryo sermon in
his own special sanctum, glanced up

where a blackbird was whistling in
the casement, and thought to himself
what a lovely world the Lord had made,

when, all of a sudden, a shrill voice
called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready."

"What horse?" asked Mr. Palmleaf.

"Our horse, to be sure," said Miss
Paulina, his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson,
staring through his near-sighted spec-
tacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."

"Why am I going to Mr. Darrow's?"
further questioned the man of theo-
logy.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Paulina,
bouncing into the study with a yellow
pocket-handkerchief tied around her
head, and her sleeves rolled in a busi-
ness-like fashion up to her elbows.

"Peter, you grow more moony and
absent-minded every day of your life!

Have you forgotten our discussion at
the breakfast table? Why, you were
going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to
be sure."

"A—girl!" repeated the young min-
ister, dreamily, rubbing his forehead.

"Oh, I do recall something of the con-
versation. A hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady, briskly.

"She's going to leave Mr. Darrow's
this morning because the family is so
large and work so heavy. She can't
find that fault with our establishment,

I guess. Ask her how much wages
she wants, and how old she is, and
ask her whether she has any followers—

a follower is the one thing I can't
tolerate, tell her, and be sure you
bring her back, and her bundle. I
must have some person to help me be-
fore Cousin Philinda's folks come from
the city."

"But suppose she won't come?" said
the young minister, dubiously, fitting
on the fingers of his gloves."

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said
Dolly, with eyes gleaming with fun.

"And I'm going! Quick—where's
my hat, and my shawl, and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up, in all the maj-
esty of her black silk gown and gold
watch-chain.

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, "you're
never going to hire out as a servant!"

"Yes, I am," said Dolly. "It's better
than private theatricals. He's so nice
and absent-minded, and Miss Paulina
is a jewel! Oh, do make haste, or he'll
be tired of waiting."

And Dolly succeeded in carrying
her point. Fifteen minutes later she
got into the sleigh with a big bundle,
which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly
under the seat, and then the minister
drove home with secret exultation.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, leaning on
the handle of his spade, as the bells
jingled up in front of his gate, and
then stopped. "How! Why, it's the
minister! Good morning, Mr. Palmleaf—good morning! That there Sun-
day sermon of yours was a master-
piece. Me and Squire Sennex—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely
alighting, and tying the horse to the
post. "But I have called on business
this morning."

For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically
a man of one idea, and for the time
being the 'hired girl' had chased all
the theology out of his head.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, "business?"

"I've come after a young woman,"
said the minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped his spade in
the middle of a snow drift.

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.
"If that's her name—yes," asserted
the minister solemnly.

"You don't mean that—it's to be an
engagement!" cried Mr. Darrow.

"Well, yes—that is if we suit each
other," said Mr. Palmleaf, mildly.

"Jerusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who
had heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most

men of genius, was an "eccentric,"
but had never realized it before.

"Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palmleaf.

"Of course I shouldn't think of
such a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm
sure," said the minister. "But, of course,
I can have no objection if Dolly herself
is suited. Though," and he smote
one red-mitted hand upon his knee,
"now I come to think of it, you've
never seen Dolly!"

"Dolly!" cried out the Reverend
Peter.

"No!" said the minister, serenely.

"But that need make no difference."

"Jerusalem!" again uttered the
farmer. It wasn't the way I used to
look at things when I was a young
man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf,
a little impatient at this lengthened
discussion. "Can I see the young woman?"

"Oh, of course you can see her,"
said Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy,
skimming milk. Dolly! Dolly!" raising
his voice to a bellow. "Here's the
Rev. Mr. Palmleaf wants to see you! The
door just to the left, sir."

And, in his near-sighted way, the
minister stumbled into Farmer Dar-
row's dairy, where a rosy-cheeked girl,
with jet black hair brushed away from
a low, olive-dark brow, and eyes like
pools of sherry wine, was skimming
the cream from multitudinous milk
pans into a huge stone pot. "Young
woman," said Mr. Palmleaf, turning
his spectacles upon her amazed face.
"Not a bit!" cried Dolly indignantly.
"Old—you!"

"Do you like me a little bit?"

"A great deal," said Dolly, laughing
and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me always?"

And Dolly promised that she would.

Everybody wondered how so bashful
a man as Reverend Mr. Palmleaf ever
mustered courage for a proposal; but
nobody knew that the "engagement"

began for a joke and turned out in
sober earnest.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr.
Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in some
confusion.

"Have you had followers?"

"Sir!" fluttered Dolly.

"Beaux, I mean," elaborately ex-
plained the clergyman.

"Of course, I haven't," said Dolly,
half inclined to laugh, half to be angry.

"Then I think you'll suit me," said
Mr. Palmleaf; "or, rather, my sister.
Our family is not large; the work is
light, and Paulina is a most consider-
ate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My—what?" said Dolly, in bewil-
derment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you
back with me immediately," said Mr.
Palmleaf. "Paulina expects company.
It is essential that we obtain help at
once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks
crimsoned like any rose, eyes full of
deep, brown sparkles, and around
which danced a perfect galaxy of dim-
ples.

"Wait a minute," said she.

"Certainly," said Mr. Palmleaf.

And he sat down on a wooden stool
in the corner, and fell to meditating
on the "thirdly" of his uncompleted
sermon, while Dolly sped up the stairs,
three steps at a time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the
presence of her parents, "the minister
has taken me for Bridget."

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said
Dolly, with eyes gleaming with fun.

"And I'm going! Quick—where's
my hat, and my shawl, and mufflers?"

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her point. Fifteen minutes later she
got into the sleigh with a big bundle,
which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly
under the seat, and then the minister
drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen, fry-
ing sausage for dinner, when Dorothy
Darrow walked in, with cheeks like
carnations, hair blown over her face,
and the bundle under her arm.

"Here I am, Miss Palmleaf," said
she. "The hired help at your service."
Miss Paulina stared.

"Why, it's Dorothy," said she. And
I sent Peter after.

"Yes, I know," said Dolly brightly.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1879

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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BUILD UP A HOME.

Right on the start we will state that this article is intended for the deaf and dumb, but if any others wish to profit from it, as no doubt it will apply equally well to many hearing people, of course there can be no objections to their so doing. In this case, our readers being designated by the above explanation, we shall avoid as much as possible a repetition of the term "deaf-mutes." Furthermore we will inform our readers that no "malice" is cherished, and if we should use any strong language our readers will please bear in mind that only good is intended.

"Home" is said to be one of the three sweetest words in the vocabulary of language—the other two being "mother" and "heaven." We are all familiar with the meaning of the word "home," and though we may roam the earth or plow the seas in quest of wealth or pleasure there ever prevails in our hearts a feeling of longing for the quiet happiness, the sacred precincts of that place we call our home, be it a hovel, a cottage, or a mansion. We may plunge into the wreckless life of excitement or wander in a land of strangers, but ever and anon there recur in our mental vision the quiet, happy scenes of home. And, although we may be possessed of a contented spirit, and capable of adapting ourselves to the surroundings among which we may chance to be placed, we all love to have some place which we can call our home.

It being a plain and undeniable fact that a home is a very desirable place, the question may suggest itself to some of our homeless readers "How shall such a necessary object be procured?" This is precisely the question which we have undertaken to answer before being asked to do so. There are, this very moment, large numbers of young and middle-aged men living—or, more properly speaking, simply keeping soul and body together—by an uncertain and precarious process of moving about—tramping—from one place to another, procuring what little sustenance they are able to by the accomplishment of odd jobs of work here and there—and the shorter the jobs the better they are suited—or by outright beggary, often theft, from other people who stay at home and labor for a livelihood, a lion's share of which those lazy, useless vagabonds and self-degraded blood-sucking pests are too willing to share with them; aye, many of them would gladly purloin it entirely from them. More; these good-for-nothing "road agents" and lazy tramps, envying the honest enjoyment of the thrifty and industrious, are ready on every occasion to recite their fancied wrongs or relate their well-made lies of the injustice done them by the world in general and by hearing people in particular. This class of people are a disgrace to themselves, a burden to their friends—if they have any—and their folly is manifest to the world; yet many of them, had they not made fools of themselves, might this day have been in undisputed legal possession of comfortable homes, of which they now envy others. With many of this class of persons, although it is not yet too late for their reclamation, there is but little hope for the better, and a large proportion of them are perhaps not worth the time and printers' ink wasted in proclaiming their uselessness and the absolute fools that they are making of themselves.

We now come to talk with another class of persons—"birds of another feather." Hundreds of poor, well-disposed, hard-laboring people live out their natural lives, in a sort of cheerless condition, without, even for once in life, being possessors of homes of their own. To these people we would throw out a few hints as to how

to become owners of homes, and we will include all who have passed through their school years or have arrived at mature manhood.

In the first place we will premise that you are honest, temperate, and not afraid of work. Industry and frugality must be yours, and by a strict adherence to them, sickness and accidents excepted, you will be enabled to possess your own comfortable homes. You must cultivate and practice the art of self denial by eschewing expensive and useless luxuries, which often afford but momentary enjoyment, and save a reasonable proportion of your earnings each year. Put your surplus funds in the safest repository available, where it will accumulate with interest, adding to the capital from your earnings as often as possible. If you are not a sufficient financial manager, or are uninformed as to the safest places for the deposit of money, counsel with your shrewdest, honest hearing friends in regard to such matters—and when you have obtained their opinions do not scorn their well-intended advice and presumptuously inform them that you know more about the world than they. By following these instructions implicitly the chances are that in a few years you will possess a snug little fortune of your own, and quite likely by the time you have arrived at the middle age of life your capital will have so accumulated that you can purchase and pay cash down for a home; and in this move you should also ask, and be willing to receive, the advice of hearing friends of sound judgment, as they may be able to aid you in securing a good bargain.

Having purchased and paid for a home of your own, you will now be prepared to enter into a new field for the enjoyment of earthly comfort and bliss. Your labor will now be rewarded with a sweetness of which you never before dreamed, no matter how comfortably you may have heretofore been provided for by strangers, or how kindly you may have been cared for and entertained among friends. A home of your own! Who that deems life worth clinging to cannot afford to endure a few years' hard toil, practice economy, and apply himself to work for the exquisite delight of its future enjoyments?

But your home purchased clear from incumbrance, do not think your labor is ended. Home is what we make it. As your means will admit add to the beauty, convenience, and comfort of your home. Protect your buildings from the molten heat of mid-summer and the penetrating, chilling blasts of winter by a judicious and properly arranged number of common shade trees and evergreens, taking care that they are not so numerous as to make the house too dark or so near the building as to accelerate decay. Beautify also externally by flower gardens, which require no great outlay of expense nor but little additional labor. Decorate internally with a few choice, but not necessarily costly, house plants. By all means have a good supply of fruit trees, the yield from which adds greatly to the health and pleasure of the inmates of the household.

A good kitchen garden, which requires some attention but not much hard labor, is one of the greatest conveniences of life, yielding plenty of fresh vegetables as well as some for winter use, and saves the expense of depending upon the markets for them; besides it often prevents the ill consequences of eating stale vegetables. Moreover the fine vegetables of one's own raising taste sweeter and more delicious than the choicest that can be procured from abroad.

These last instructions are given more particularly upon the supposition that you are but the owner of a village or city home, where your grounds will only admit of following them. If no grounds are attached you will have to omit some portions. If your home consists of a farm you can amplify upon the foregoing hints as to the grounds; and, in all sincerity, our advice is to become farm-owners if possible, such a life bringing with it more of the solid comforts than any other branch of business, professions included. And even if you are a professional man, or engaged in any lucrative business in town or city, you may find it very advantageous to invest at least a portion of your surplus capital in a farm home. In your declining years you can find no more pleasant, healthful, or comfortable home than on a well-located farm, where you may find sweet communion with nature and peacefully and quietly enjoy the fruit of your toil.

We counsel our friends to weigh this matter well in their minds, and trust that if our advice is followed many of them will at some future time be in life, being possessors of homes of their own. To these people we would throw out a few hints as to how

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations, societies, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We trust our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

GUST. Geyer is said to be the best harness maker in Galesburg, Ill.

JOHN O. DAVID, the New Hampshire deaf-mute missionary, is taking a few weeks' vacation.

PROFESSORS HITCHKISS and DENNISON are on Roan Mountain in Western North Carolina.

A young girl at Peoria, Ill., was, it is said, frightened into deafness by a party of roughs.

THE second annual picnic of the Troy Deaf-Mute Club was held on the 29th inst.

It is rumored that Miss Helen Dunning is to be reinstated as a teacher at the Illinois Institution.

DR. H. K. JONES, physician for the Illinois Institution, is spending a few weeks at Concord, N. H.

THE man who married a deaf and dumb girl he had got a new, noiseless domestic sewing-machine.

GEORGE KENT, the celebrated fisherman of New Hampshire, is still reported as having good success.

PROFESSOR SWILER, of the Illinois Institution, and his family recently spent a few days in St. Louis.

JOHN G. SAXTON, of Troy, N. Y., has returned home highly pleased with his visit to East Tennessee.

MISS FANNIE WOOD, of the Illinois Institution, has improved her health by a few days' rusticating in the country.

MISS BETTIE DAVIS, matron of the Tennessee Institution, is on a visit at Wear's Valley Springs, says one of our correspondents.

THE portrait of the new president of the National Deaf and Dumb Society of Great Britain has been inserted in Rev. Samuel Smith's magazine.

THE repairs on the Louisiana Institution have been completed, and the building will be ready for occupation at the end of the summer vacation.

AMONG the Joliet, Ill., walkists last month was a deaf-mute named Smith. Smith challenged Gaggerly, of Mendota, Ill., by whom he was defeated.

ARCH. WOODSIDE, formerly principal of the deaf-mute day school in Pittsburgh, succeeded in having the deaf-mutes of that city celebrate the 4th of July.

MR. MCGREGOR, principal of the day school for deaf-mutes at Cincinnati, O., and his wife are visiting their old friends Professor and Mrs. Westervelt.

PROFESSOR HOWARD AND ELLIS, of the Western New York Institution, witnessed the game of base-ball July 24th between the New Hop Bitters and the Buffaloes, in which the score was 7 to 0 in favor of the former club.

A bogus "deaf-mute" beggar recently infested East Tennessee. He claimed to be so deaf that he could not even feel a noise, in which he outdid himself. He was "taken in" by Knoxville police, and his sense of hearing suddenly restored.

IT is said that the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Association will not meet in convention this year, the trustees of the Wisconsin Institution claiming that they have not sufficient funds to entertain the convention at the expense of the State.

THE *Advocate* says the famous author of "What I know about teaching the deaf and dumb" is sick of it; that no one cared to read his "circle of reasoning," and that from beginning to end the article is more unintelligible than the dialects of colored people.

THE INDEPENDENTS (deaf-mute base-ball club from Columbus, O.) have given up completing their tour to New York, Washington, and some other cities, disbanded, and gone home. Their last game, and in which they were defeated, was at Albany, N. Y.

A Rockford, Ill., writer in the *Advocate* says: "Mr. Tuttle (Jacob Tuttle) put his 'household gods' on several days one day last week and started in quest of a new location, which he found about a mile from his old quarters. The procession wasn't a mile long, however, though there were five teams in the line."

THE 55th birthday anniversary of Leopold Lowenstein, a deaf-mute tailor of New York, was celebrated July 18th by all his employees, and also by several deaf-mute friends, who helped in partaking of the rich delicacies. A few evenings later the 35th birthday anniversary of another deaf-mute was celebrated in New York.

MILTON A. JONES, of the town of Riehland, in this county, has lately been building a large, well-arranged, clapboard barn for hay, grain, and stock. It is to be painted, and when completed will prove a valuable auxiliary to his farm. The building was constructed by W. A. Ward, of N. Y.

MISS JULIA SMITH, of New Britain, Conn., a graduate of the American Asylum, who made her way to the White Mountains on the 5th inst., spent almost a week and had a splendid time. At present she is making a visit to Miss Bertha H. Treat at Frankfort, Me., 15 miles from Bangor, and will remain with her for two weeks.

H. C. NIEMAN, of Mount Jackson, Pa., informs us that a deaf-mute named ELLSWORTH, 24 years of age, while walking on the railroad track near Youngstown, O., July 4th, was run over by the car and killed. The writer advises all deaf-mutes to stop walking on the track, as when they do so they are always welcomed "very warmly."

MR. VAN ASH is said to be the successful man to take the £600 a year offered by the New Zealand Government for an experienced teacher to instruct her deaf and dumb. He was originally a teacher in an oral school at Rotterdam, and has been in England twenty-two years, first in Manchester, then in London, taking charge of a private school on a similar plan.

E. E. MILES, of Syracuse, and C. O. UPHAM, of Watertown, write to us from Henderson Harbor, on Lake Ontario, that they are luxuriating there and have been "exploring" quite a distance along the shore, and that they have discovered many lovely places. That locality is highly recommended by the writers as a pleasant place of resort for recreation from weary labor.

MISS HARRIS, a teacher, and Miss CRUMBACKER, matron, at the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, came on a visit the day after Mr. McGregor arrived, and all enjoyed a very happy reunion. They had all been associated with each other at that institution for a number of years. Miss H. and C. started the other day for Toronto, by boat directly from our landing.

ACCORDING to the Belleville *Intelligencer* Mr. S. T. GREENE, a teacher at the Ontario Deaf-Mute Institution located in that city, and Hon. O. H. LAMBERT, a friend of his, returned home on the night of the 22d inst., after a remarkable cruise of ten days, during which those gentlemen alone sailed the stanch little Zephyr to Oswego. The return trip across Lake Ontario was made in seven hours and a half.

WE now come to talk with another class of persons—"birds of another feather." Hundreds of poor, well-disposed, hard-laboring people live out their natural lives, in a sort of cheerless condition, without, even for once in life, being possessors of homes of their own. To these people we would throw out a few hints as to how

THE MUTES of North-western Indiana expect to have a picnic at Waterford, near Michigan City, on Saturday, August 2d. A good time is anticipated.

THE letter from Wauka, Ia., in our last number explains a recent item in relation to R. A. GOODELL. It explains why he was wanted in Des Moines.

Mrs. LAWRENCE N. JONES and step-son ROBLY, of Riehland, Oswego county, N. Y., are visiting the mute brothers and other friends of Mrs. Jones at Rome, N. Y.

Mrs. LAURENCE, matron of the Minnesota Institution, and her daughter have been visiting at Peninsula, Summit County, O., their old home. Miss Hale has received an appointment as teacher at the State school for imbecile children at Parma, Minn.

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JOHN G. SAXTON, of Troy, N. Y., has returned home highly pleased with his visit to East Tennessee.

MISS FANNIE WOOD, of the Illinois Institution, has improved her health by a few days' rusticating in the country.

MISS BETTIE DAVIS, matron of the Tennessee Institution, is on a visit at Wear's Valley Springs, says one of our correspondents.

THE portrait of the new president of the National Deaf and Dumb Society of Great Britain has been inserted in Rev. Samuel Smith's magazine.

THE repairs on the Louisiana Institution have been completed, and the building will be ready for occupation at the end of the summer vacation.

AMONG the Joliet, Ill., walkists last month was a deaf-mute named Smith. Smith challenged Gaggerly, of Mendota, Ill., by whom he was defeated.

ARCH. WOODSIDE, formerly principal of the deaf-mute day school in Pittsburgh, succeeded in having the deaf-mutes of that city celebrate the 4th of July.

MR. MCGREGOR, principal of the day school for deaf-mutes at Cincinnati, O., and his wife are visiting their old friends Professor and Mrs. Westervelt.

PROFESSOR HOWARD AND ELLIS, of the Western New York Institution, witnessed the game of base-ball July 24th between the New Hop Bitters and the Buffaloes, in which the score was 7 to 0 in favor of the former club.

A bogus "deaf-mute" beggar recently infested East Tennessee. He claimed to be so deaf that he could not even feel a noise, in which he outdid himself. He was "taken in" by Knoxville police, and his sense of hearing suddenly restored.

IT is said that the famous author of "What I know about teaching the deaf and dumb" is sick of it; that no one cared to read his "circle of reasoning," and that from beginning to end the article is more unintelligible than the dialects of colored people.

THE INDEPENDENTS (deaf-mute base-ball club from Columbus, O.) have given up completing their tour to New York, Washington, and some other cities, disbanded, and gone home. Their last game, and in which they were defeated, was at Albany, N. Y.

A Rockford, Ill., writer in the *Advocate* says: "Mr. Tuttle (Jacob Tuttle) put his 'household gods' on several days one day last week and started in quest of a new location, which he found about a mile from his old quarters. The procession wasn't a mile long, however, though there were five teams in the line."

THE 55th birthday anniversary of Leopold Lowenstein, a deaf-mute tailor of New York, was celebrated July 18th by all his employees, and also by several deaf-mute friends, who helped in partaking of the rich delicacies. A few evenings later the 35th birthday anniversary of another deaf-mute was celebrated in New York.

MILTON A. JONES, of the town of Riehland, in this county, has lately been building a large, well-arranged, clapboard barn for hay, grain, and stock. It is to be painted, and when completed will prove a valuable auxiliary to his farm. The building was constructed by W. A. Ward, of N. Y.

MISS JULIA SMITH, of New Britain, Conn., a graduate of the American Asylum, who made her way to the White Mountains on the 5th inst., spent almost a week and had a splendid time. At present she is making a visit to Miss Bertha H. Treat at Frankfort, Me., 15 miles from Bangor, and will remain with her for two weeks.

H. C. NIEMAN, of Mount Jackson, Pa., informs us that a deaf-mute named ELLSWORTH, 24 years of age, while walking on the railroad track near Youngstown, O., July 4th, was run over by the car and killed. The writer advises all deaf-mutes to stop walking on the track, as when they do so they are always welcomed "very warmly."

MR. VAN ASH is said to be the successful man to take the £600 a

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

THE SILVER WEDDING OF DR. AND MRS. L. PEET.

NEW YORK, July 19, 1879.

"Strike, silver bell, the quarter century chime!
Rest on thy seythe a moment, Father Time!
While hearty friends and loving kindred meet,
To hail the silver-wedding of Professor Peet."

Few couples have enjoyed a happier or more tranquil quarter of a century of connubial union than Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Lewis Peet, the twenty-fifth anniversary of whose marriage was observed with simple magnificence on the evening of Friday, June 27th, at their residence on Washington Heights. This delightful place has, from the beauty of its location as well as on account of the geniality and good-will of the spirits who dwell therein, been appropriately styled "Paradise," and truly few homes more deserve such a title than that presided over by the kind-hearted Doctor and his accomplished and beautiful wife. On the occasion we speak of, the natural beauties of the dwelling and its surroundings were intensified by artificial aid. The brilliant glare of gas light and Chinese lanterns turning the spacious grounds into a beautiful garden, seen from which the house, with its tasteful furnishings and brilliant lights, presented the appearance of a fairy den.

As early as eight o'clock p. m. a long line of fashionable equipages blocked up the road leading to the Peet mansion, and for an hour and a half guests poured in in a steady stream. Indeed so numerous were the guests that locomotion was hazardous, and much care was necessary, on the part of the gentlemen, to escape spoiling the costly dresses of the numerous beautiful women present.

In the reception-room, amidst the glare and beauty of their surroundings, stood the happy couple, who, as they received the congratulations of each friend, appeared again wafted back to the shores of early manhood and womanhood.

Standing aside and observing the distinguished guests, as they pass in to offer their congratulations, we notice faces familiar in the religious, commercial, political, and literary worlds; men whose lives have been one grand effort to benefit their fellow-men. There are, too, bright, refined speaking faces, which, to the eye, present all the subtler charms of intelligence and good feeling, but which, alas! would have been clouded with a veil like that of night but for the devoted efforts of the Doctor and his wife. They are a group of their old deaf-mute pupils who have come back to them to offer their congratulations and express their gratitude.

Having presented our congratulations, we followed the stream of guests who were making their way to the room where the various presents were displayed, and here we beheld a sight which fairly set our eyes dancing. Silver made into every conceivable shape, and displaying exquisite workmanship, lay arranged on a large table, speaking testimonials of the esteem in which the recipients are held by their friends. We do not intend to give an exhaustive list of the numerous presents, for to do so would take up more space than can be spared. It will suffice to mention some of the most costly and striking. Coming under this class were a pair of silver vases, very graceful in design and delicate in workmanship, from Hon. and Mrs. E. W. Leawenworth, of Syracuse; a handsome nut dish, in chased silver and gold, entirely unique in design, from Hon. and Mrs. Lawson N. Fuller; a handsome silver tray with the inscription "From the Instructors of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb"; a soup ladle from Miss Park; a berry dish of exquisite pattern from Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard; a silver butter dish from Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet; pickle jars in a silver stand with forks, very beautiful and tasteful, from the Misses Dillingham; a similar one from Misses Clapp and Howard, and splendid parlor stand of silver and glass, for holding flowers, from Mr. Jacques Loew. Dr. William Porter, Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, sent an elegant tete-a-tete set, consisting of a cream pitcher, sugar bowl, and spoon holder, on a silver stand, making a beautiful and useful ornament for the table. Professor Du Bois, of Yale College, sent a scone of new design, to be hung on the wall or used as an ornament for the table or mantel. Mr. William Foster, Jr., of Metropolitan Railroad fame, sent a very handsome vase, rich and tasteful, and Mr. William A. Wheeler, President of the Central National Bank of New York, and wife sent a handsome berry set, of silver and gold, in a satin case, of new and elegant pattern. Hon. Ethan Allen and wife, a dozen gold and silver coffee spoons, in a case of red morocco, lined with white and blue satin. A similar set, most unique in design and workmanship, with the initial "P" and the dates "1854"—"1879" engraved on each, was sent by Hon. G. Hilton Scribner and wife, while a beautiful set of silver fruit knives, from Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Field, completed the list we had time to jot down as we stood contemplating their silvery magnificence. A large number of bouquets and basket of flowers were also sent. That of Mr. S. F. Knapp, with the dates "1854"—"1879" in violets, on a white ground, took the precedence in beauty over all the others.

Congratulations over, sets were

formed and the young people, following the enlivening strains of the music in attendance, were soon engaged in a merry, dancing whirl, which continued with occasional intermissions till supper was announced.

The enchanting sight which met the gaze of the guests, as the table, which took up the full length of the dining-room, came to view was pleasing beyond description. It manifested all the care of the caterer's art, and contained a feast beautiful in arrangement, abundant in quantity, and delicious in quality. Appreciative justice was done to this well-served collation, after which, by request of a number of gentlemen present, Mr. Lawson N. Fuller introduced to the company the Hon. Erastus Brooks, who delivered a most eloquent, though unpremeditated, address of congratulation, in the course of which he made many graceful allusions to the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Peet, at which he was present 25 years ago, and to the useful and happy life which they had since led. He was followed by Rev. Dr. C. A. Stoddard, who read a charming poem of his own composition, the first stanza of which I have quoted as an introduction to my account of the wedding. "It was written for the occasion just before the author made his appearance, and he consequently claimed that, as impromptus were in order, his contribution had a full right to be regarded in that light. Both of these manifestations of the kind feeling of his guests were a surprise to Dr. Peet, as he is never at a loss for either ideas or words, he was able, without warning, to make, in behalf of Mrs. Peet and himself, a feeling and appropriate reply to what he designated as "words fitly spoken, which were like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Rev. Dr. T. Gallaudet, who had thus far been translating to Mrs. Peet and the other deaf-mutes present the felicitous remarks that had been made, then asked Dr. Peet to assume the role of interpreter, and told the company of his life-long friendship for the host and of the reciprocal sympathy with which they had supported each other in their efforts, in different ways, to benefit the deaf and dumb. He also deduced from the happy consequences of the marriage, the anniversary of which was this evening celebrated, the lesson, never more needed than in these later days, "Go thou and do likewise." The good Doctor's advice was well received, and it may not unreasonably be hoped that many happy lives may be the result of the wise and witty words he uttered.

Dancing was then resumed and continued till the "wee sma" hours of the morning, when guest after guest bade the host and hostess good-night and departed, quoting in their hearts the beautiful words with which Dr. Stoddard closed his poem:

"May coming years add lustre to your age,
Inscribe new merites on their glowing page,
And write your names, with adamanite pen,
The benefactors of your fellow-men."

T. F. F.

GOING TO SUBSCRIBE FOR A PAPER.

CARTHAGE, Miss., July 21, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I will tell you some news. I was very much pleased to receive the JOURNAL. Professor Saunders gave me one paper.

I left Jackson, Miss., on the 27th of last May. I had not been to school since March because my eyes were so sore. They are a little better. My feet have been almost breaking out for three weeks. They have been sore for four years. They begin to get sore from June and continue so till October. I am not troubled about my feet. I must be patient until October. All the doctors in town could not cure my feet.

I am in good health since I left Jackson. I arrived at home safely on the 2d of last month. I have not worked in the field. I will be an agent next fall or winter.

I heard that Professor L. W. Saunders will arrive at Steele's Tavern, Va., to-morrow. I hope that he will enjoy himself there very much.

Messrs. Alfred Harris and Henry H. Myers came here from Yorke, Miss., last Thursday. I was delighted to see them. They are both deaf-mutes.

They stayed here three days. We went fishing last Friday, and caught 23.

We had a nice time. Mr. Myers has plenty of crops. He hires Mr. Harris for \$8 per month. Mr. Myers

has not moved to his new house yet.

His parents wished him to stay with them. Mr. Myers went home last evening. Mr. Harris did not go home with him, but went to Hillsboro, Miss., to see his grandmother this morning. He will stay there one day.

He will go to Forest, Miss., to see Mr. Alfred Battle next Wednesday, and then he will go to Morton, Miss., to see his parents, sisters, and brothers next Thursday. He has a deaf-mute sister. Her name is Miss Minerva Harris. She went home from Jackson, Miss., last week. Mr. Harris will return here in one or two weeks, and then he will go home to Yorke.

Rev. Mr. Huddleston, of Forest, Miss., said Mr. Alfred Battle was married to a speaking lady last winter.

Mr. Battle is a deaf-mute. Professor L. W. Saunders taught him in the old deaf and dumb institution at Jackson, Miss. Mr. Battle is a carpenter. I saw his house at Forest in 1877. He was born near the creek about six miles from this place.

I will send six cents for the JOURNAL. Please send it to me. Some deaf-mutes want to see it. I will send \$1.50 to you for it next fall. I like it very well.

Yours sincerely,
WALTER J. GRAHAM.

—PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.

D. W. GEORGE ON CHANGING THE NAME OF THE COLLEGE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The last of "Student at Home's" entertaining series of National Deaf-Mute College notes concludes with a grand summing up of what has been written in regard to the proposed change of the name of the college. He proceeded with the gravity of a criminal magistrate to elucidate the "points" made by the friends and opponents of the measure. He announced that the strongest argument so far had been advanced by the opposition, and that that argument is "We had better be mighty careful how we take to fooling with that name or the Government will get mad and won't give us any more money; we had better wait until some rich fellow kindly gives us all the money we want and then, and not until then, will it be safe to give 'Uncle Sam' a grand kick and tell him to go to thunder, and inform him that this is a free country and we are going to do just as we please about the name, and, if he don't like it, why, it is none of his business." I would most respectfully suggest that this "point" is entirely new, and that it originated with him. "Ex-Student" called attention to a few circumstances which seemed to favor the present name of the college, namely, its being a national college, located at the national capital, its being endowed, supported, and owned by the national Government, its being under the supervision of the Government, and its being intended solely for deaf-mutes. The principal objection to the present name of the college is still the presence of the word "Deaf-Mute."

D. W. GEORGE.

July 19, 1879.

ROCHESTER NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—When I penned my last letter I intended to write soon, in order to give your readers an account of an exhibition, which took place in this institution during three days of the latter part of June. But it can't be denied that the loss of hearing is a serious calamity, and it is quite natural that people should feel some regret at our misfortune, but for them to be continually harping upon the subject and looking upon us as poor helpless imbeciles, dependent upon charity, is quite another thing. People can see that we are possessed of health, strength, and activity of mind and body, and that we can dig potatoes as well as anybody, and they rarely have time to ascertain whether we need any pity or not. For one, I have been kicked and buffeted about and called to account for all the mistakes I have made, and my misfortune has never availed me in securing any special immunity. I would scorn it.

Well, if there is likely to be any pity aroused in the hearts of people, why should it be by the term "deaf and dumb"? That is an innocent and harmless little term which, by the laws of language, must be applied to us whether we like it or not. The term merely states that we are a peculiar class of people, differing from others only in not being able to hear and speak. In our intercourse with people the fact that we are deaf and dumb must become known in some way or other, and we are daily called upon to impart that information to strangers, who speak to us as if nothing was the matter with us. We just let people know when necessary that we are deaf, and there is the end of it. If anything more follows, it simply reflects upon the intelligence of the hearing person or the deaf-mute. Still we might ask, why should we discard the word deaf-mute? Is it because we don't want anybody to know that we are deaf-mutes? A one-legged sailor might just as well lock himself up in his room day and night until he dies, for fear somebody will find out that he is minus a leg and pity him. The best plan is for us to go about our business and show people that we are able to take care of ourselves, and let them see that we are not worrying ourselves about our infirmity, and then there will be but little occasion for pity. Let people call us by our right name. Let them distinguish things that are intended solely for us by the right name. It need not hurt us. All of our State institutions bear the name of State institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb. Is any one ready to say that this is not proper? There is a deaf-mute day school in Boston. Who would know where to educate known merely as the Boston Day School? Well, here we wish to say let the word "deaf-mute" stay in the name of the National Deaf-Mute College, that it may become universally known that there is a college for deaf-mutes and that it may attract the attention and invite the investigation of all who may feel interested in it as well as we, consult the interests of the institution itself.

"Student" calls attention to a system under which pupils are brought up to consider themselves a class apart from the rest of the world and to think, like all beggars, that the world owes them a living; all of which "Student" says is a result of that term "deaf and dumb." "Ish dot so?" I thought he attributed all this trouble to the system, not to the term deaf and dumb. If he will attack the system we will back him.

It is time to say that the current idea among hearing people, that our

MOUNTAIN PICNIC.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me to give my old fellow students, and others who may wish to know, an idea of how things are moving along in this part of the world.

There is in the southern part of this county, in a recess of the mountains, a strong chalybeate spring, a favorite resort for health and pleasure-seekers. It must be remembered that in this country are the highest mountains with one exception east of the Rocky Mountains. Having just returned from the spring to the valley, with its quiet rippling streams, the situation of our pleasant little village, I will proceed to relate our romantic picnic which occurred there. Your correspondent and six other boys hired a yoke of oxen and a lumber wagon for conveyance, and invited fourteen of the young ladies to go on a picnic excursion. Of course the invitation was heartily accepted and a few minutes later found us on the road, charmed with the music of a French harp and rattling of dry bones. We wound around up and down mountains for two and a half miles until we reached the river, roaring and sparkling as it danced in the sunlight, fanned by the cool mountain breeze. When in the middle of the river the oxen stopped; nor would they budge an inch, notwithstanding the driver plied his whip unmercifully, scolded, and coaxed savagely. Finally we (the young men, of course) had to get out and make our way on foot, to the great merriment of the young ladies. The oxen then drew the fair ones out without a grunt, so far as I could hear. We left the wagon after crossing and made our way on foot up the mountain about 3 of a mile, where a little spring gushes forth and goes rippling down with the murmuring hum of the mountains. There we sat down and partook of the delicacies which the young ladies had prepared. On our way down your correspondent was brought to the feet of the lovely creature he was with, not by Cupid, but by the loss of a shoe-heel, not on his knees, but on his back. Being in the wrong position to pop the question, "Deaf and Dumb Girl" may thank her stars that the student was not taken in by a speaking girl.

On our return, when we reached the middle of the river the yoke broke, and again we had to wet our feet in mending it. As we passed near a farm-house one of the boys secretly killed a goose, which we persuaded the girls to believe was a wild one. Arriving at the hotel about sundown, the next thing was to cook our goose. This feat we accomplished in the following manner: We placed a stove out in the yard, and, having seated the girls around to watch the operation, we, the young men, proceeded to barbecue the unhappy bird. We first placed it in the stove and began roasting it. By and by we concluded to boil it. So we obtained a pot, filled it with water, removed the stove, placed the goose in, and set it to boiling over a rousing big flame, punching the fire and turning the goose with the same stick which had robbed it of its life. Meantime jokes were being cracked and fun dealt out by the full, one of the cooks wearing a dress and making all kinds of fun of the women. About 11:30 p. m. we again changed our notion and concluded to broil the goose. This we accomplished in the following manner: We placed a stove out in the yard, and, having seated the girls around to watch the operation, we, the young men, proceeded to barbecue the unhappy bird. We first placed it in the stove and began roasting it. By and by we concluded to boil it. So we obtained a pot, filled it with water, removed the stove, placed the goose in, and set it to boiling over a rousing big flame, punching the fire and turning the goose with the same stick which had robbed it of its life. Meantime jokes were being cracked and fun dealt out by the full, one of the cooks wearing a dress and making all kinds of fun of the women. About 11:30 p. m. we again changed our notion and concluded to broil the goose. 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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

A GOOD WALL PICTURE.

Group photographs of the Deaf-Mute Base Ball Club (Independents), who have recently won such marked distinction in various parts of the country, are for sale at the Deaf-Mutes' Journal office. The group comprises the ten deaf-mutes forming the club, the photographs are neatly executed, and the likenesses are very life-like and correct.

These photographic groups are for sale at 50 cents each, and may be procured, postage free, by sending the price to the Editor of The Deaf-Mutes' Journal, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Send your orders early.

WORK FOR PARENTS.

(Kentucky Deaf-Mute, July 12th.)

We desire to remind the parents and friends of our pupils that, during the vacation, the work of continuing and extending their education develops upon them, especially in cases where they have been under instruction long enough to begin to read and write. It is to be presumed that no parent would for a moment hesitate to do all in his power, even though a great sacrifice were involved, to increase his child's intelligence and put it in communication with the world of thought from which its afflictions debar it.

For the encouragement of such as are willing to make the effort, we can testify to instances in which vacations instead of being drawbacks have been of positive advantage. Not that parents, usually, however intelligent they may be, can carry their deaf-mute children into new fields of instruction, but that that they may very easily and thoroughly ground them in those already gone over. The main difficulty, perhaps, in teaching language to a deaf-mute is that before he has time to put into practice the new words and forms of expression he learns, they fade from his memory, and are supplanted by new ones. This can only be obviated by a great deal of practice in writing, and parents, if they are good spellers and fair grammarians, can give this to the child almost as well as the teacher.

First of all, learn the manual alphabet. Every parent should regard this as a sacred duty, and be willing to do all possible to become proficient in the use of a method so much more convenient than writing, and that opens up a ready and easy way of communication on occasions when writing would not be practicable.

In the second place, put yourself to the trouble of writing with your child, and make him feel that in you he has a companion that will bear with his ignorance and help him along over the rough places that lie in his road. Explain to him, in simple language, the meaning of things he seems curious to know, if they are of interest, or would be adapted to his comprehension.

Be sure that you make him understand. If a bewildered appealing indicates that he has not grasped the idea you intended to convey, put it in simpler language, avoiding long ambiguous sentences, and having care that your words are properly spelled and sentences correctly formed.

In cases where the advance of the pupil is sufficient, he may be induced to read short pieces in newspapers, and then, after a day or two, give the substance of what he has read in his own language.

The thing to be accomplished is practice in the use of language, and this can be secured in no better way than by constant flow of questions and answers, provided they are upon subjects already familiar to him or not entirely beyond his depth. Of course you must bear steadily in mind that you are conversing with children whose age is measured not by the time they have been in the world, but by the period they have been under instruction. The only exceptions are semi-mutes who have been partly educated through the ear.

As regards business, morals, &c., nothing teaches so well as example. If you want your child to be prompt and industrious, be so yourself. If you want him to be moral and upright, remember his keen eyes are upon you, weighing the motives that prompt your actions while he mentally resolves, perhaps, to follow you not in what you say, but in what you do.

Do not think you are entirely shut off from your child because of his infirmity, but let this make him dearer, and impel you to take greater pains and endure severer sacrifices that he may be well developed physically, intellectually, socially, morally, and be able to stand side by side in the struggle of life with his more favored hearing and speaking brethren.

The soldier sometimes chafes under the privations and burdens of camp-life and feels that he can bear them no longer; these are all forgotten, however, when, afterwards, he stands flushed with victory and receiving the plaudits of his grateful countrymen. Such will be your experience, dear friends, if, doing your duty now, you see in the future the fruits of your labors in the promotion of your children to high and honorable positions in the respect and confidence of their fellow men, who find them not helpless and dependent as it is the tendency of their deficiency to make them, but participating with hearty zest in the pleasures, and coming nobly forward when necessary to bear their part of the burdens of life.

Do you say sin is too strong for you? It is not too strong for Omnipotence that dwelleth in you. I don't want so much to be afraid of going to hell as to be afraid of sin. Let me be afraid of sin, and then I need not be afraid of going to hell.—Rowland Hill.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.—Prentice.

SUNDAY READING.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day, We mean to slacken this feverish rush That is wearing our very souls away, And grant to our goaded hearts a lull That is holy enough to let them hear The footstep of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt, When the burden of daytime broil is o'er, We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out, As the patriarch sat at the open door Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye, To watch for the angels passing by.

We saw them afar at high noon tide, When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat; Yet never have hidden them turn aside, And tarry awhile in converse sweet; Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread, To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close, When the weight that we groan with hinders loss, We'll loosen our hearts to such repose As banishes care's disturbing din, And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length, When tired of every mocking quest, And broken in spirit and shorn of strength, It was, in my opinion, caused by carelessness. He has been at school for about four years and will return there next fall.

But the angels we meant to call are gone.

STRENGTH.

All men love to be strong. Strength gives influence to its possessor, whether it be physical, intellectual or spiritual. The one who possesses strength is admired and has power among men according to his strength. The man who is strong financially is able to make his will prevail in a great measure. The one possessing intellectual strength moves the thinking world by his utterances. Spiritual strength is not sought after as much or as eagerly as physical, mental or commercial strength; yet who will deny its power?

The promise is, "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." Strength given by God. It was that enabled Samson to overcome the Philistines that made the armies of Joshua victorious, and enabled Elijah to prevail against the priests of Baal. "Strong in the Lord." That is the secret of Martin Luther's success. There were men in his day equal to him in intellect, but none who could so mightily prevail with God. He knew how to pray, so too did the Wesleyans and Edwards and Finney. The prayers of Finney alone are not sought after as much or as eagerly as physical, mental or commercial strength; yet who will deny its power?

The influence of association is great. We come to be like those with whom we associate. The apostle Paul noted this, and comments upon it. What are the privileges and what possibilities are open to the one who communes much with God! We recognize the influence of the company of good men upon character. What an influence does he then bring upon himself who has fellowship with Christ! A new strength comes to him. He becomes a power with God and man. He becomes pure, holy, lovable, loving, gentle, a rebuke to sin, a persuader to good. Satan can not withstand him; for he has God for his defence, Christ for his righteousness, and Heaven for his home.

At Reading, Pa., Miss Mary Coulter, a young speaking lady, daughter of Mrs. Anna P. Coulter, a deaf-mute widow, was married to a rich lawyer named Smith on the last Wednesday of June. It is said that Mr. Smith, who is about 45 years old, is one of the richest men in Berks county, Pa. Before Mrs. Smith was married she was given a beautiful gold ring which cost \$450. They are on a wedding trip to the sea-shore. Mrs. Smith's mother is a teacher at the institution for deaf-mutes here. We wish them happiness and success.

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Mr. Ed. Conger, a mute, formerly of Fairfield, O., was married to Miss Nellie Hall May 8th. She is a nice, pleasant wife. We cannot attend the deaf and dumb convention at Columbus, O., next August because I am too busy making money. I heard that a gentleman took care of a good mute girl in Sycamore, Ill., last spring. She went to live with him in Morrison, Ill. Her name is Emma Taylor. She is a beautiful girl. She has no parents, sister or brother. She will go to school at Jacksonville next fall.

Respectfully yours,

NEWS FROM JACOB TUTTLE.

ROCKFORD, Ill., July 14, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I fully intended writing some news some time ago, but I have been away to the country and had to wait till this evening.

Rev. H. W. Syle, our beloved pastor, has been at home for a few weeks. He is now out of the city, at the seashore, to rest from business, and will stay there till fall. When he was here his health was in good condition, but he is fatigued the same in his head. He was much pleased to see all the deaf-mutes doing so well here, and with good assistants to work in the church during his necessary absence.

During the celebration of the 4th of July everything passed pleasantly and delightfully, though the weather was very hot in the city. The thermometer stood at 96 or 98 degrees. All general business was suspended in honor of the American Independence.

About 100 victims of accidents were admitted to the hospitals on that day. William Sheppard, a pupil of the deaf-mute institution, aged about 14, shot himself accidentally through his left hand with his pistol. It was badly hurt, but it is getting better slowly.

It was, in my opinion, caused by carelessness. He has been at school for about four years and will return there next fall.

Mr. William Stevenson, formerly of Baltimore, Md., the father of Mr. Henry Stevenson, our lay-reader, is dangerously sick and has no hope of getting up again. He is about 62 years old. He has a wife, two sons, and one daughter.

Mr. John Robb was married to Miss E. Natton by Rev. Enoch Stubbs, a Methodist minister, two weeks ago. They were both educated at the Pennsylvania Institution.

Mr. Joseph A. Roop, formerly prefect of the Pennsylvania Institution, who has been working in the Baltic Mills, has left that place and is a weaver in the large mills of Mr. Thomas Dulan & Co. He has the good company of Mr. George Slifer, a deaf-mute gentleman, who is running the mill.

Mr. Joshua Foster, Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, is pleasantly spending his vacation at Long Branch. He went on the 5th inst., and will return home and attend to his duties again after his vacation of this month. He always goes to Long Branch during his vacation for the purpose of fishing. He is experienced in that pleasure.

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PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

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Respectfully yours,

Yours truly,
OBSERVER.
Philadelphia, Pa., July 16, 1879.

siderable improvement in his articulation during the interview. At first he declined trying to pronounce the word "Williamson" because he said he could not pronounce it right; but, at the close of the interview, he inadvertently pronounced it very well.

The extent of his vocabulary, the correctness of his articulation, the accuracy of his vowel sounds, the general propriety of his language were matters of great astonishment to us all.

Sunday afternoon he heard his first music. He attended service at the colored Methodist church; and the singing, which was right vigorous, overpowered him. He could not realize the distinctions of the sounds, but it all seemed to him like a loud noise, blown through a straight horn.

After service he heard a young lady play some sacred pieces on the reed-organ, and, though he enjoyed it a little, it still "had no turn."

On Monday, while listening to the piano, he seemed greatly interested and professed to enjoy it; but it seemed to me, as I watched him, that he was more impressed with the quick movements of the hammers than with the tones of the instrument.

For the statement in connection with his strange attack on Thursday afternoon, I am indebted to Marcus himself and his uncle, Edward Jones, whose character for veracity is unusually fair in our community. As to the other points in the above narrative, there is no room for any doubt.

He was a deaf-mute from his birth till he left home eight years ago. He seemed to be in the same condition when he returned last Monday week. He can hear and speak now as well as the majority of our people. How the wonderful change was brought about remains to be explained.

I am yours,
S. LANDER.
Williamston, S. C., July 9, 1879.

THE POPE'S DEAF-MUTES.

(From the *Christian Union*.)

The new departure in the Catholic world, initiated by the installation of Leo XIII., is emphasized by two novel enterprises inspired directly from the Vatican—the one a bank whose English prospectus is noteworthy by reason of the number of wealthy Catholic nobles whose names are conspicuous by their absence from the list of patrons; the other is a newspaper.

For the present pope is as shrewdly aware as Mr. Tilden of the power of printer's ink, and met one of the first rebuffs since his election to the papacy.

Messrs. Pierre and Caniffman, mutes, went to Des Moines, Ia., last spring. They were educated in New York.

Rev. A. W. Mann ought to come and preach to mutes in Rockford this summer.

Mrs. Sarah Fancher visited lots of her friends in Plymouth, Ohio. She enjoyed her visit very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kuhn have a large farm and are very comfortably situated in Plymouth, O. His mother died last May. She died very suddenly.

Mrs. Kuhn had a little girl born last February, but she lived only three weeks.

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Respectfully yours,

A PALMETTO WONDER.

A DUMB MAN SPEAKS—A DEAF MAN LISTS

TEXTS TO MUSIC.

(Correspondence *Greenville (S. C.) News*.)

Allow me to inform your readers of a strange event which has recently taken place near our village. On the night of the 3d inst., the gift of speech was suddenly bestowed on a colored youth, twenty-three years of age, who had all his life been known as a deaf-mute.

Mr. Cyrus O. Hackman, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, of Lebanon, Penn., was married to a semi-mute lady named Miss Emma Dixon, who was never educated at school, but she can speak and read well. They are both happy.